

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth, I loue your Maiesty
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your Fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,

You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.

I returne thole duties backe as are right fit,

Obeie you, Loue you, and most Honour you.

Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say

They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,

That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry

Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,

Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so vtender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:

For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,

The miseries of *Heccat* and the night:

By all the operation of the O. bes,

From whom we do exist, and cease to be,

Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me,

Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,

Or he that makes his generation messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome

Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releu'd,

As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace Kent,

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,

I lou'd her most, and thought to let my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence and auoid my sight:

So be my graue my peace, as here I giue

Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirs?

Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,

With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,

Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:

I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,

Preheminance, and all the large effects

That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,

With reseruatiou of an hundred Knights,

By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine

The name, and all th' addition to a King: the Sway,

Reuennew Execution of the rest,

Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,

This Coroner part betweene you.

Kent. Royall Lear,

Whom I haue quer honor'd as my King,

Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,

As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade

The region of my heart, be Kent vnmanly,

When *Lear* is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?

Think'st thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake?

When power to flattery bowes?

To plaining honour's bound,

When Maiesty falls to folly, reserue thy state,

And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement:
Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low founds
Reuerbe no hollownesse.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne

To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,

Thy safety being motiue.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine

The true blanke of thine eie.

Kear. Now by *Apollo*,

Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King

Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vassall! Miserant.

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.

Kent. Kill thy Phisition, and thy fee bestow

Vpon the foule disease, reuoke thy guift,

Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,

He tell thee thou dost euill.

Lear. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me;

That thou hast fought to make vs breake our vowes,

Which we durst neuer yet; and with strain'd pride,

To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,

Which nor our nature, nor our place can beare;

Our potencie made good, take thy reward.

Five dayes we do allot thee for prouision,

To shield thee from disasters of the world,

And on the sixth to turne thy hated backe

Vpon our kingdomes; if on the tenth day following,

Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,

The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*,

This shall not be reuok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well King, fith thus thou wilt appeare,

Freedom lues hence, and banishment is here;

The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,

That iustly think'st, and hast most rightly said:

And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,

That good effects may spring from words of loue:

Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,

Hee'll shape his old course, in a Country new. Exit.

Flourish. Enter Gloster with France, and Bur-
gundy, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,

We first addresse toward you, who with this King

Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the least

Will you require in present Dowre with her,

Or cease your quest of Loue?

Bur. Most Royall Maiesty,

I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,

Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,

When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,

But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,

If ought within that little seeming substance,

Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,

And nothing more may filly like your Grace,

Shee's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,

Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,

Dow'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,

Take her or, leaue her. Exit. Par.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,

Election makes not vp in such conditions.

Lear. Then leaue her Sir, for by the powre that made me,

I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,

I would not from your loue make such a stray,

To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you

T'auert your liking a more worthier way,

Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd

Almost to acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange,

That she whom euen but now, was your obiect,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,

The best, the deereft, should in this trice of time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle

So many folds of fauour: sure her offence

Must be of such vnaturall degree,

That monsters it: Or your fore-youcht affection

Fall into taint, which to beleue of her

Must be a faith that reason without miracle

Should neuer plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Maiesty.

If I want that glib and oylie Art,

To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,

He do't before I speake, that you make knowe

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,

No vnchaste adion or dishonoured step

That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and fauour,

But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,

A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,

That I am glad I haue nor, though not to haue it,

Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'st

Not bene borne, then not to haue pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,

Which often leaues the history vnspoke

That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,

What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue

When it is mingled with regards, that stands

Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?

She is herselfe a Dowrie.

Bur. Royall King,

Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,

And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,

Dutcheffe of *Burgundie*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.

Bur. I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,

That you must loose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,

Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,

I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,

Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,

Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,

Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.

Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect

My Loue should kinde to enflam'd respect.

Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,

Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:

Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy*,

Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.

Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,

Thou loofest here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we

Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see

That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,

Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:

Come Noble *Burgundie*. *Flourish. Exeunt, He W*

Fra. Bid farewell to your Sisters.

Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with wash'd eie's

Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,

And like a Sister am most loth to call

Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:

To your professed bosomes I commit him,

But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,

I would prefer him to a better place,

So farewell to you both.

Regn. Prescribe not vs our dutie.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you

At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience scanted,

And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.

Cor. Time shall vnfold what plighted conning hides,

Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:

Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. Exit *France* and *Cor*.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I haue to say,

Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,

I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.

Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-

seruation we haue made of it hath bene little; he alwaies

lou'd our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he

hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but

slenderly knowne himselfe.

Gon. The best and foundest of his time hath bin but

rash, then must we looke from his age, to receiue not a-

lone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but

therewithall the varly way-wardnesse, that infirme and

cholericke yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from

him, as this of *Kent*'s banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking be-

tweene *France* and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our

Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares,

this last surrender of his will but offend vs.

Reg. We shall further thinke of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th' heate. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Bastard*.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law

My seruices are bound, wherefore should I

Stand in the plague of custome, and permit

The curioly of Nations, to deprive me?

For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines

Lag of a Brother? Why *Bastard*? Wherefore base?

When my Dimensions are as well compact,

My minde as generous, and my shape as true

As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs

With Base? With basenes *Barbarie*? Base, Base?

Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take

More composition, and fiercer qualitie,

Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed

Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops

Got'weene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,

Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land,

Our Fathers loue, is to the *Bastard Edgar*,

As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.